Look Up.

Look up! the world is wide. On land and sea, On ship or shore, there is no rust, no rest; A heart throbs outward from each human And moves it onward to its destiny.

What if its hidden doom unust end in death? Why, meet it bravely, with the hones Why, meet it bravely, with the monest thought of no good deed undone, no ruin wrought, To kill the hope that soothes a dying breath.

He who would soar from darkness into light, And, like Icarus, mount on waxen wings, Will never reach and touch the golden springs
That open the gates which close upon the night.

Who rises, lifting others up with him, Is strong indeed. Within his call or reach Are hands that aid bim—hearts that help him teach What he has searned himself, and taught to

We build our thoughts like mountains to the The mystery of our being still unsolved. Save that we know our lives are not evolved For the sole end of filling empty shrouds. -William Ward in New Orleans Times-Domo-

#### HOW THEY MADE MONEY.

Pack up your things as soon as you please, my dear," said Mr. Chesney. "We're going to move on Saturday." Mr. and Mrs. Chesney were a matrimonial firm, there was no question about that; but Mrs. Chesney had always been a silent partner.

("If ever I get married," said Elma, a bright-eyed girl of seventeen, "I won't be put upon as mamma is!" "Papa is a regular despot-that's what papa is! decided Will, a tall stripling of fifteen.)
"Where, my dear?" asked Mrs. Ches-

ney, with a little start.

"Into the country," said the family autocrat. "I'm tired of this city business; it costs a great deal more than it comes to. I'm told you can live at half

the expense in the country."
"But," gasped Mrs. Chesney, "what is to become of the children's educa-

"There's a very good district school in the neighborhood, not more than a mile distant," explained her husband, "and the exercise will do them good." "And what are we to do for society?"

"Pshaw!" said Chesney, "I wouldn't give a rap for people who can't be so-ciety for themselves. There'll be the housework to do, you know-nobody keeps a girl in the country-and plenty of jobs about the place for Will and Spencer. I shall keep a horse, if I can get one cheap, for the station is half a mile from the place, and I've bargained for a couple of cows and some pigs."
Will and Spencer looked askance at

each other. "It'll do us good to walk a mile to school," muttered the elder; "but father must have a horse to carry him half a mile to the station.'

"That's father's logic all over," observed Spencer. While Mr. Chesney explained to his wife the various advantages which were

to accrue from the promised move.
"It's unfortunate," said he, "that El-ma and Rosie aren't boys. Such a lot of women-folks are enough to swamp any family. Men, now, can always carn their bread. But we must try to make everybody useful in some way or other. It's so healthy, you know," added he. "And the rent won't be half of what we pay here."

"Are there any modern conveniences about the place?" timidly inquired Mrs.

Chesney.

'There's a spring of excellent water about a hundred yards from the house,"

"Have I got to walk a hundred yards for ever drop of water I want?" said

"And a large rain-water hogshead under the eaves of the house," added Mr. Chesney. "And I've already got a bargain in kerosene lamps. As for candles, I am given to understand that the good housekeepers thereabouts make 'em themselves in tin molds. There's nothing like economy. Now I do beg to know, Abigail," he added, irritably, "what are you looking so lackadaisical about? Do you expect to sit still and fold your hands, while I do all the work? Give me a woman for sheer natural laziness!"

"I am not lazy, George," said the poor wife, with a bewildered air; "but all this is so new and strange at first. But I'll try to get accustomed to it—I'll try my very best."

Nevertheless, Rosie and Elma and their mother shed many a salt tear into the trunks and packing-boxes, on top of the woollen blankets and rugs and piles of domestic linen.

"I hate the country!" said Elma. "Ta as soon go to prison and done with

"Oh, Ellie, don't talk so," said Rose. "There are wild roses and robins there, just as one sees on the painted plaques in the shop windows. And perhaps we can have a flower-bed, and some dear little downy chickens."

But the first sight of Mulleinstalk Farm was dispiriting in the extreme. Between rock and swamp, there was scarcely pasture for the two lean cows that Mr. Chesney had bought as "a barand the hollow-backed horse, which stalked about the premises like some phantom Bucephalus.

The apple trees in the orchard were three-quarters dead, and leaned sorrowfully away from the last winds, until their boughs touched the very ground; the fences were all gone to ruin, and the front gate was tied up

with a string. "Is this home?" said Elma, with an indescribable intonation in her voice. "We'll get things all straightened up, after awhile," said Mr. Chesney, bustling to drive away the pigs, who had broken out of their pen and were squeal-

ing dismally under the window. Mrs. Chesney cried herself to sleep that night, and wakened the next morning with every bone instinct with shoot-

ing pains.
"And no wonder," said Spencer. "There's a foot of water in the cellar." "We must have it drained," said Mr. Chesney, with an uneasy look; "but there's plenty of things to do first."

And now began a reign of the strict-est economy. Mr. Chesney himself paid for everything with cheeks, and not an article came into the house or went out of it without his cognizance. New dresses were frowned upon; spring bonnets were strictly interdicted; orders were issued that old carpets should be resewed, and broken dishes repaired

with cement and quicklime.
"Saye, saye, saye! That is the chief thing," he kept repeating, briskly. "Women-folks can't earn; they should try their best to save."

"It's all very well for papa," growled ill. "He goes to the city every day

and sees something besides the pigs and the dead apple trees. He orders a new suit when he needs it. Look at mamma's patched gown and Rosie's dyed bonnet-strings! Why, they can't even go to church, they are such objects! He gets his lunch at a restaurant, and we eat cold beans, and drink dandelion coffee and sage tea."

"Boys," fluttered Rosie, "I've an idea, Mary Penn, who lives on the next farm, you know, came to see Elma and me vesterday. Papa is earning his living; we'll earn something, too."

"I should like to know how," muttered Spencer. "I might go out some-where as farm-hand, if it wasn't for that wretched old horse, and the pigs, and

the woodchopping, and—"
"Oh, but there is something that wen't interfere with the work, nor with school!" said cheerful Rose.
listen—all I ask of you is to listen!

And the weeks grew into months, and the red leaves eddied down in little swirls from the elm trees, and killing time" came, and with the aid of a lame, one-eyed man, Mr. Chesney laid down his own stock of pork and sausages for the winter with a sense of being triumphantly economical.

The family had left off complaining

now. Apparently they were resigned to their doom, But there were some things that Mr. Chesney could not ex-

A new rug brightened up the dismai hues of the parlor carpet; Rosie had a crimson merino dress, trimmed with black velvet bars; Elma's autumn jacket was edged with substantial black fur;

was edged with Salashan and grand climax of extravagance—Mrs. Chesney had a new shawl, in place of the old brocke garment which had been her mother's before her? He looked over the housekeeping books with renewed vigilance; he consulted the stubs of his check-book with

a glance that nothing could escape. "I-don't-know-now-they-mansaid, he, scratching his nose with the lead pencil that he always carried. "I hate mysteries, and I mean to be at the bottom of this before I am an

He took his account-book under his arm and marched into the kitchen, where his wife was clearing away the

late supper.
"Abigail," said he, "how is this? I've given you no money. You've long left off asking for money. How have you managed to smarten yourself and the children up so? I won't be cheated by my own wife!"

Elma set down the pitcher which she was wiping, and came and stood before her father with glittering eyes and cheeks stained with crimson, like a flag

"Papa," she said, "you must not speak to mamma so. Mamma would not cheat you nor anybody else. It's money that we have earned ourselves. Now!"

Mr. Chesney stared at the girl with incredulous eyes.

"And if you don't believe it, come and see how," said Elma, flinging down her towel. "Mary Penn showed us. She told us everything, and gave us the first swarm of bees. There are fourteen hives down under the south wall. Spencer sold the honey for us; and we planted all the nice flowers that grow lown in the meadow, that you said was too stony and barren even for the sheep to pasture upon; and Will dug and hoed around them after the work was all done, and we sent boxes and bouquets of lilies and verbenas to the city every day by Mr. Penn's wagon. And we gathered wild strawberries before the sun was up, and got cherries out of the old lane, and the money is all ours-every farthing of it!"

said Mr. Chesney. money. enr staring at the row of hives, for Elma had dragged him out into the November moonlight to the scene of action. Well, I've seen these many a time, but

I always s'posed they belonged to Squire Penn's folks. And flowers, and wild berries! Didn't think there was so much money in 'em. Believe I'll try the business mpself next year. Queer that the women-folk should have got the start of me!"

And after that he regarded his family with more respect. The mere fact that they could earn money had elevated them immensely in his sight. But when spring came he lost his ablest coadjutor

Miss Elma incidentally announced to him one day that she was going to be married to Walter Penn the next week. "And mamma is coming to live with us, added Elma. "She can't stand the damp house and this hard work any

But Mrs. Chesney did not go to the Penn Farm. Mr. Chesney hired a stout serving-maid, and laid drain-pipes inder the kitchen floor.

If his wife really understood her business so well, it was worth while to keep her well and active, he considered.

"I couldn't well leave papa, you know," said Mrs. Chesney to Elma. He means well, and now that Rebecca Beckel is coming here, and the kitchen is dry, we shall get along nicely. I wouldn't go back to the city for any-

thing now."
"Nor I, either," said Elma. "And oh, mamma, I shall always love those bee-hives under the hollyhocks, for it was there that Walter asked me to be his wife!

And Mrs. Chesney tearfully kissed her daughter. She, too, had been happy once, and had her dreams.

It was to be hoped that Walter Penn was made of different metal from George

To Elma, however, all the world was couleur de rose. Had she not the eter-nal talismans of Youth and Love?

In Brazil the liberated slaves show an uncontrollable disposition to flock to the coast cities. Immigration is looked on as the only source of supply for

agricultural labors. A Captain's Fortunate Discovery.

Capt. Coleman, schr. Weymouth, plying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled with a cough so that he was unable to sleep, and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a single dose were similarly affected and a single dose bad the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Coleman household and

on board the schooner.

Free Trial Bottles of this Standard Remedy at D. J Humphrey's Drug Store.

Some people will take anything but

#### PETER RESTORED.

JOHN HALL'S NOTES ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

esson VII of the International Series for Sunday, Nov. 14-Golden Text, "He Saith Unto Him, Feed My Lambs," John xxi, 15-Lesson Text, John xxi, 4-19

The pupils are to be reminded of 'the facts roing before this lesson on two lines: (1) Christ's resurrection and appearance twice to the whole company of the disciples (v. xiv).

It may be said: How did they fail to recognize him at once? The answer is twofold. In the resurrection "we shall be changed," though the same individuals. Jesus was the type of our resurrection. And secondly, Jesus was able to make Emself known or to remain unknown, as to the disciples on the way to Emmaus, as he pleased. For his own reasons he sometimes left them to find him out by what he said and did. In a sense it is so still with disciples. Jesus is providing for, or teaching, or even chastening them, and they do not at first recognize him.

(2) The previous career and character of Peter need to be recalled. Probably the oldest of the little company, he was the most prompt and forward. He was notably a man of impulses, not waiting to raise and settle questions of principle, but acting on the "spur of the moment." This led him, as it will lead any one, into mistakes. He had professed undying attachment to Christ (Matt. xxvi, 35), and then denied him thrice. That very morning he was as truly penitent as he had been inexcusably self-confident, and no doubt he had many a time recalled his sin and shame, and desired an opportunity to confess to Christ and get his forgiveness. But he was not alone with him. How the message, "tell my disciples and Peter," must have melted his heart! These facts we must remember if we would secure a connected view of the truth set out in our present lesson. A group of disciples had been fishing all night on the lake in vain. Doubtful of what was to come and needing to secure bread, Peter had gone back to his calling.

V. 4. Morning came; they were nearing the shore. A man stood there, but the dis ciples did not recognize him. This was doubtless part of his plan. (See Luke xxiv, 16.) Yet his language must have roused their tention as he says, "Children," etc. Are there any Christians hard pressed for means to live! How many do suffer thus! Jesus is not unmindful of them. Many would make better way if they listened for his voice and cast the net at his bidding. "No;" they have caught nothing.

V. 6. It is said that fish can be seen in

umbers in the lake at times. His words then, "Cost the net," etc., would not seem so strange to them. They did so, and their net was so filled with fish as to make it too heavy to be lifted into the boat; it was drawn

Specially devoted to Jesus and quick with the instinct of affection, John (v. 7) whispers to Peter-one can fancy with mingled awe and joy-"It is the Lord." Ah! here is an opportunity to show that he is no longer recreant, that the Lord is dear to him beyond expression. When he hears this he snatches his fisher's coat (be was probably in partial clothing, as men prepared for such work), and flings himself into the water. It was an impulse again, but on the good side—far better than the blow with the sword at the man's ear (John xviii, 10). He meant to welcome

Jesus, to show his joy and love.
V. 8. Meantime their little boat—the one they were all in, being only about 100 yards from land (a cubit is roughly about eighteen inches), so that the voice and direcions from the shore could be well heardhad neared the land. ("A little ship" is misleading; it is "the little ship.") They who were in the boat, failing to get the net on deck, dragged it to land. Again the care of Jesus — miraculous, undoubtedly—provides

V. 9. There is a fire of coals and "fish on it" being prepared for eating, and bread. He who fed the 5,000 is the same in power and resources for the little company.

. 10. The Master tells them to bring of the fish which they had caught. He and they are to rejoice together through all their future over the souls gathered into the gospel net, some of them directly by him, some through their agency under his direction.

V. 11. Simon Peter on the land already obeys, "went up and drew the net to land. The contents are described, and it is noted that rich as was the "take," the net bore the strain and was not broken. The number is mentioned, probably to explain the wonder of the net not breaking.

V. 12. The sympathy of Jesus with the disciples and his treatment of them as brethren are now seen. He says, "Come and break your fast" (Revision). They all had the firm conviction that it was their Master. He spake with authority, mingled no doubt with gentleness; yet none had courage to call for a direct avowal. Then he

(V. 13) comes and gives them-helps them o-bread-they had none of this-and fish likewise. Of his identity they had no doubt. This is, the evangelist says

(V. 14), "the third time that Jesus showed mself to his disciples." (Appearances to individuals are omitted in the count.) See the other two cases—one where Thomas was absent, the other eight days after, when he was present (last lesson). Up till now Jesus has treated them all alike in the interview. Now he deals with Peter just as we saw him deal with Thomas. He forgets nothing that is to be remembered for his people's good. He perfectly adapts the lessons to the nature of the learner. So after they had broken their fast, Jesus

(V. 15) puts a question, to Peter, which must have brought up many a sad thought. But it is often for our good to have our past errors and sins recalled. "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" He had conveyed as much as this when he said, "Though all men forsake thee, yet will not L" Then he was self-confident, impulsivand self-conscious. Now he is not so. penitent. He remembers his folly and does not repeat it. He can truly say that he does love his Master, but he makes no comparison between himself and them. "Thou knowest that I love thee." Then the Master gives the command. "Feed my lambs." "Thou didst wander from the fold; thou hast been brought back. Remember the lesson and labor for the strayed and wandering." Read his epistles and you will see that he did not forget this direction.

V. 16. Again the Master puts the question, but dropping any reference to the objectionable element of comparison; again he gets an affirmative reply, but Peter using again a different word for "love" from Christ's. The direction is now given, "Feed my sheep." How he remembered this you may see by studying I Peter v, 2, 4. This figure Peter could well understand. He remembered the discourse of John x, in which Jesus said, "the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." Perhaps our Lord spoke to the heart of Peter thus: "You are to be an under shepherd; you may after all have it laid on you to be like me and lay down your life. That may come to you in stern necessity which in a moment of impulse you volun-teered." This view is rather favored by vs. 18, 19, and falls in with the idea that our Lord was not giving any special power to Peter as to the future, but teaching him in view of the guilty past.

view of the guilty past. .

V. 17. That the sin of Peter in denying shaped the form of this dealing with him is clear from this, "Peter was grieved \* \* \*

third time," and he made his reply emphatic and full of feeling, "Lord, thou knowest all things" (the way our Lord was teaching him now showed that); "thou knowest that I love thee." The commission is repeated, "Feed my sheep." Be a shepherd to them; warn them; love them. Peter was so. No one gives more faithful cautions against tempta-

Vs. 18, 10 are entirely in the line of the view given. They make a gentle, kindly in-timation of that martyrdom which Peter volunteered prematurely, but which the Master sent later, in the right time, and one can fancy Peter saying, "After all I am glad I shall have to die for one so noble and so for-

The teacher will show how fit this lesson was at this point. The apostles were to be fishers of men. But of themselves they could catch none. Under Christ's orders the net will be full, and it will not be broken. In the supper of the Lamb the joint fruit of Christ's and his fellow laborers' toils will be gathered together. To Peter the lesson was specially fit, in view of the past. Self-confidence was his snare. Christ twice uses a word for "lovest" stronger than Peter's own word. Do you really love me as a friend, or is it only talk, as before?" So Peter appeals to our Lord's omniscience. Then the hint comes that in loving and following Christ, Peter shall have Christ's experience and really carry out all that he had volunteered, then from his own over-confidence and pride, but at last under the impulse of genuine consecration to Jesus, his Lord. The words do not give Peter special and peculiar powers for the future, but are meant to recall and save him from special temptations into which he had fallen already.—Sunday School World.

Orators in Congress.

We may not have the equals of Patck Henry, Samuel Adams, John Rutdge, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, or Prentice, but as a whole the congres-Verbatim reporting has proved a great injury to congressional oratory. In he olden time the Senators and Representatives whould listen to those s ho were speaking with the attention of assemblages of the debates were ade and printed these congressional steners were no longer to be found. A Senator or Representative who had carefully prepared himself would, as he commenced his speech, see his audience engaged in every other way than listening to his accents Some would be in groups chatting, others would be reading newspapers or books, and the rest newed his struggle, thrashing its enemy indicting epistles or directing public with its tail and then snapping at it with its laws. In its struggles it had documents to their constituents. It would be difficult for him to say what oned limb became limp and powerless he had intended, were there not an other stimulous by which his tongue and his patience were rendered mexhaustible, the reflection that although his words were falling lifeless upon the ears of his ostensible audience they would be read by attentive contents a home. It is to them that speeches in Congress have been addressed since the introduction of verbatim reporting. Congressmen who were noted for their eloquence upon the home stump have floundered through written platitudes at the Capitol, often prepared for them by some journalist for a stated compensation. Ben: Perley Poore.

A Bazor Gettlar "Tired." 'Yes, I knew it," exclaimed the veterm in ther. "I knew this razor was gettin

"So'm L" said the reporter, with some acrity. "I feel as if you'd been running awa mower over my face." "That's what replied the burber. "This razor ivd. " "What are you talking about?"
"O, razors often get that way. I have us one for three years, and a better piece of was never honed. During that time been tired just four times. What do an by tired's Well, to all appearance razor is as sharp as need be, but it we ork. No matter how much I hone it the cill be no improvement, and the only this

to do is to give it a rest. First, I clean it wil. more than ordinary care. Then I open I and put it away in a drawer with a goo I lock the drawer and leave it for livdays. At the end of that time I open the drawer and take out the razor. It will be a sharp as any blade you ever saw."-Chicago

A Bride of the Tyrol. The village of Ladis, in the Tyrol, has for generations observed the rule that its maidens must not take husbands outside their own village. Lately, however Catherine Schranz, reckoned the most beautiful girl of the whole district, accepted the proposal of a suitor from a distant place. The youths of Ladis resented this as a personal injury. Six of them seized her, tied her on a manure cart, and led her through the village, the other youths and boys jeering and singing derisive chants. At length her father rescued her, and took proceedings against her assailants, who were sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from four weeks to two months.-Foreign

Mexico City's American Hospital. The American citizens that live in the City of Mexico have issued another appeal for the American hospital to be erected in that city. A very desirable site has been secured, on which it proposed to erect four small pavilions with an administrative building in the center. One of these pavilions is fast approaching completion and it is hoped if funds are available, to erect the central building soon. The whole plan calls for about \$50,000, of which about \$20,000 has been subscribed. It is hoped that many Americans will aid this most worthy object.—New York Tribune.

Fresh Australian Butter. The enterprising colony of Victoria, encouraged by the satisfactory results flowing from the trade in fresh meats is bent on tempting the English markets with fresh Australian butter. It is argued that the system of refrigeration by which meat is kept fresh during the long voyage to England will serve equally as well in the case of butter, and it is pointed out that butter produced in the antipodean summer would reach the English markets in time to command a ready sale during midwinter.—Chicago Times.

Emblem of Good Luck. The latest emblem of good luck in Paris is the African gri-gri, copied from the "fetich" brought over by the black Prince Karamoko, who has lately been one of the lions of the French capital. The gri-gri is a tiny insect of very ancient days, imprisoned in amber, and imitations are mounted in different articles of jewelry for the Parisian belles to weer as charms.—Frank Leslie's.

Itch, Prairie Mange, and Scratches of every kind cured in thirty minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Use no other. This never fails. Sold by D. J. Humphrey, Druggist, Napoleon. f18-1y A RARE COMBAT.

Witnessed at Washington Between a Lizard and an Alligator.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29 .- A rare combat took place this afternoon in the building occupied by the Fish Commission between two little pets of that institution, whose likes have probably never found themselves in such close proximity since the ages of featherless birds, winged reptiles and web-footed madranged. quadrupeds. The aggressor and the victor as well, was the newly arrived Gila (pronounced Hela) monster from the Gila river, in Arizona, the only species of lizard whose bite is known to be poisonous, and the victim was a two-year-old alligator from Florida. The monster is fourteen inches long and about twice the weight of his antagonist.

Both reptiles were in a semi-torpid condition, having ceased to take food a week or two ago; and for some purpose they had been removed from their glass cases and placed beside each other upon the stone floor.

An attendant inadvertantly touched the alligator's tail and caused him to move sluggishly onward a few inches, where he came in contact with the blunt nose of the monster. The snaky eyes of the latter lighted up with a gleam of satanic malevolence, its black lips opened wide and its jaws closed with a snap upon the fore paw of the alligator. The prisoner developed unexpected activity, and though taken at a sad disadvantage, made for a time a gallant fight for its liberty and its life. Its movements were marvelously quick, and its jaws closed a dozen times in succession upon the mailed head of

the assilant. It soon, however, became exhausted, trentice, but as a whole the congres-stonal orator of to-day is far superior to that of the near or the distant past. sought by a variety of means to release the wretched alligator, but were compelled, as may be supposed, to be very careful in handling the venomous "monster." He was seized by the tail and held up in the air, taken by the bloated neck and choked severely, plunged under water and maltreated in

other ways but to no purpose. Then sharp wires were thrust into his nose and finally a large trowel was forced into his mouth, but such was the force of his grip that the steel blade, though considerably bent in the effort, failed to release the imprisoned paw Then the pair were replaced in the glass case which had been occupied by the monster, and again the alligator rewith its jaws. In its struggles it had dislocated its shoulder and its impris-Its moanings were pitiful and the attendants were moved to renewed, and at last, successful efforts to effect a separation. The trowel was, therefore, introduced into the monster's mouth and finally the jaws slowly opened Even then it was a work of several

separate receptacies, the monster lap-ping his thick black lips with his green-ish forked tongue, while the alligator closed its eyes, probably to die of the venom in its system.

I had given myself up as lost because of inherited scrofula. Tried every-thing for purifying the blood without benefit until I used Parker's Tonic, and can truthfully say that it has cured me. I still use it for its splendid effect on my general health. H. K Lynd, Chicago, oct 14-1mo

Mr. Tilden's Gallantry.

The late Mr. Tilden was celebrated for his chivalry. One day, shortly be-fore his late illness, a young lady called to see his nieces. Mr. Tilden came into the room and insisted upon her remaining to dinner. Her seat was beside the host and there were several guests present, all in elaborate dinner costume and adorned with beautiful flowers. When Mr. Tilden noticed that his young friend had no corsage bouquet, he quietly gave orders that flowers be brought. The servant soon appeared with a bunch of exquisite flowers, more beautiful than any at the table, and Mr. Tilden handed them to the young girl with one of the charming speeches for which he was famous.-New York Commercial Advertiser.

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NEW BOOM

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Respectfully inform the citizens of Napoleon and Henry county that they are now occupying their new room, in the brick block erected upon the ruins of their old stand, where they invite all their old custom-

Entirely New! and comprises

Groceries, Provisions. Queens & Glassware,

and in fact everything found in a first-class grocery.
We intend to keep constantly on hand a full stock of goods in our line, and invite a share of the public yatronage. CASH PAID FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE

Brick and Tile!

We also manufacture a superior quality of brick and tile, which are sold at the lowest prices. Parties intending building or ditching should give us a call, examineour stock and get prices. MEYERHOLTZ & BRO., Navoleon, Ohio.

DENTISTRY.



[Successor to W. H. Stilwell. DENTIST. Over Ica Leists' Drug Store. All operations | er taining to Denitsity coverally performed. Lamb-ing Gas admidistered for the painless extraction of teeth. Work warranted and prices to suit the times. TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN.



GREAM BALM Gives Relief at once and Cures HEAD COLD in HEAD, CATARRH HAY FEVER Not a Liquid, Snuff or Powder.

Free from Injurious Drugs and of-HAY-FEVER fensive odors. A particle is applied into each nostril and is greeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, egistered, 60 cts. Circulars free. ELY BROS., bruggists, Owego, N. Y.